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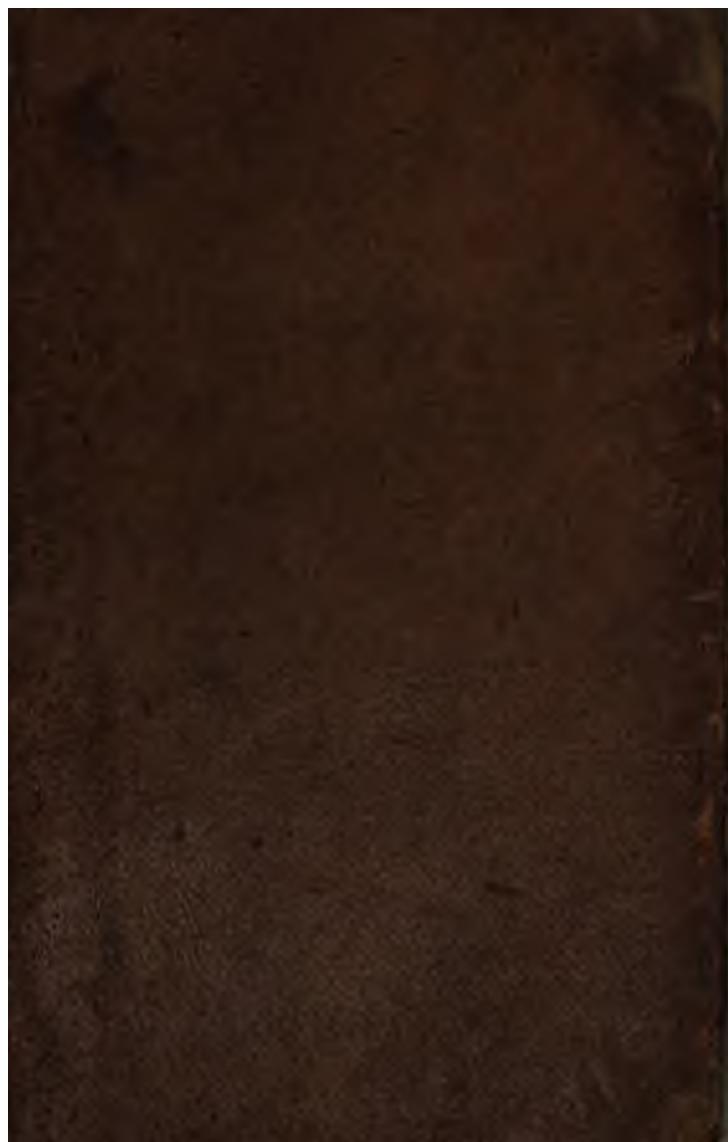
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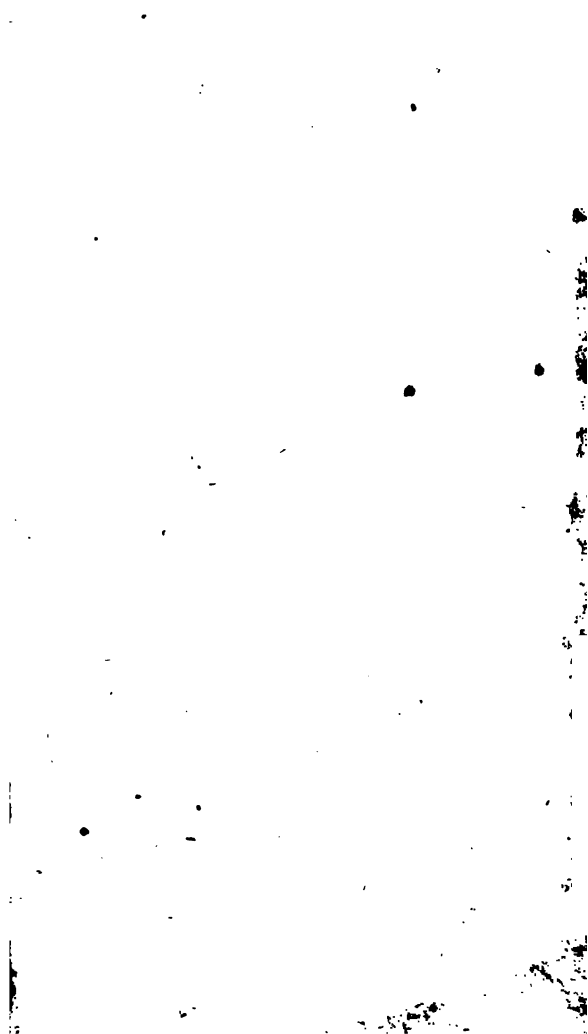
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A .  
SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

THROUGH

FRANCE and ITALY.

BY

MR. YORICK.



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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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VOLUME II.

---

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THE

AMERICAN

REVIEW

OF

THE

ARTS

AND

LITERATURE

A

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SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY,

Sc. Sc.

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T H E

FILLE DE CHAMBRE.

P A R I S.

3  
**W**HAT the old officer had delivered upon travelling, bringing Polonius's advice to his son upon the same subject into my head—and that bringing in Hamlet; and Hamlet, the

A 2

rest



rest of Shakespeare's works; I stopped at the Quai de Conti, in my return home, to purchase the whole set.

THE bookfeller said, he had not a set in the world—*Comment!* said I, taking one up out of a set which lay upon the counter betwixt us.—He said, they were sent him only to be got bound, and were to be sent back to Versailles in the morning to the Count de B\*\*\*.

—AND does the Count de B\*\*\*, said I, read Shakespeare? *C'est un Esprit fort*, replied the bookfeller.—He loves English books; and what is more to his honour, Monsieur, he loves the English too. You speak this so civilly, said I, that 'tis enough to oblige an Englishman to lay out a louis d'or or two at your shop.—The bookfeller made a bow, and was going to say something, when a young decent girl of about twenty, who by her air

air and drefs seemed to be *fille de chambre* to fome devout woman of fashion, came into the fhop, and asked for *Les Egarements du Cœur & de l'Efprit*: the bookfeller gave her the book directly: ſhe pulled out a little green ſattin purle run round with a ribband of the ſame colour, and putting her finger and thumb into it, ſhe took out the money, and paid for it. As I had nothing more to ſtay me in the fhop, we both walked out at the door together.

—AND what have you to do, my dear, ſaid I, with *The Wanderings of the Heart*, who ſcarce know yet you have one? nor, till love has firſt told you it, or ſome faithleſs ſhepherd has made it ache, can'ſt thou ever be ſure it is ſo.—*Le Dieu m'en garde!* ſaid the girl.—With reaſon, ſaid I,—for if it is a good one, 'tis pity it ſhould be ſtolen: 'tis a little treaſure to thee, and gives a better

## 6 SENTIMENTAL

air to your face, than if it was dressed out with pearls.

THE young girl listened with a submissive attention, holding her fatten purse by its ribband in her hand all the time—"Tis a very small one, said I, taking hold of the bottom of it—she held it towards me—and there is very little in it, my dear, said I, but be but as good as thou art handsome, and heaven will fill it: I had a parcel of crowns in my hand to pay for Shakespeare; and as she had let go the purse entirely, I put a single one in; and tying up the ribband in a bow-knot, returned it to her.

THE young girl made more a humble courtesy than a low one—'twas one of those quiet, thankful sinkings, where the spirit bows itself down—the body does no more than tell it. I never gave a girl a

CROWN

---

## J O U R N E Y. 7

crown in my life which gave me half the pleasure.

My advice, my dear, would not have been worth a pin to you, said I, if I had not given this a-long with it: but now, when you see the crown, you'll remember it—so don't, my dear, lay it out in ribbands.

UPON my words, Sir, said the girl, earnestly, I am incapable—in saying which, as is usual in little bargains of honour, she gave me her hand—*En vérité, Monsieur, je mettrai cet argent apart,* said she.

WHEN a virtuous convention is made betwixt man and woman, it sanctifies their most private walks: so notwithstanding it was dusky, yet, as both our roads lay the same way, we made no

### 3 SENTIMENTAL

scruple of walking along the Quai de Conti together.

SHE made me a second courtesy in setting off, and before we got twenty yards from the door, as if she had not done enough before, she made a sort of a little stop to tell me again—she thanked me.

IT was a small tribute, I told her, which I could not avoid paying virtue, and would not be mistaken in the person I had been rendering it to for the world.—but I see innocence, my dear, in your face—and foul befall the man who ever lays a snare in its way!

THE girl seemed affected some way or other with what I said—she gave a low sigh—I found I was not empowered to inquire at all after it—so said nothing till I got to the corner of the Rue de Nevers, where we were to part.

—BUT

—BUT is this the way, my dear, said I, to the hotel de Modene? she told me it was—or, that I might go by the Rue de Guineygaude, which was the next turn.

—Then I'll go, my dear, by the Rue de Guineygaude, said I, for two reasons; first, I shall please myself; and next, I shall give you the protection of my company on your way as far as I can. The girl was sensible I was civil,—and said, she wished the hotel de Modene was in the Rue de St. Pierre—You live there? said I.—She told me she was *fille de chambre* to Madame R\*\*\*\*—Good God! said I, 'tis the very lady for whom I have brought a letter from Amiens—the girl told me that Madame R\*\*\*\*, she believed, expected a stranger with a letter, and was impatient to see him—so I desired the girl to present my compliments to Madame R\*\*\*\*, and say, I would certainly wait upon her in the morning.

WE.

WE stood still at the corner of the Rue de Nevers whilst this passed—We then stopped a moment whilst she disposed of her *Egarements du Cœur*, &c. more commodiously than carrying them in her hand—they were two volumes; so I held the second for her, whilst she put the first into her pocket; and then she held her pocket, and I put in the other after it.

'Tis sweet to feel by what fine-spun threads our affections are drawn together.

WE set off afresh, and as she took her third step, the girl put her hand within my arm—I was just bidding her—but she did it of herself with that undeliberating simplicity, which shewed it was out of her head that she had never seen me before. For my own part I felt the conviction of consanguinity so strongly, that I could not help turning half round to  
look

look in her face, and see if I could trace out any thing in it of a family likeness—  
Tut! said I, are we not all relations?

WHEN we arrived at the turning up of the Rue de Guineygaude, I stopped to bid her adieu for good and all: the girl would thank me again for my company and kindness—She bid me adieu twice—I repeated it as often; and so cordial was the parting between us, that had it happened any where else, I'm not sure but I should have signed it with a kiss of charity, as warm and holy as an apostle.

BUT in Paris, as none kiss each other but the men—I did what amounted to the same thing—

——I BID God bless her.



## THE PASSPORT.

## P A R I S.

**W**HEN I got home to my hotel, La Fleur told me I had been inquired after by the Lieutenant de Police—The deuce take it! said I—I know the reason. It is time the reader should know it, for in the order of things in which it happened, it was omitted; not that it was out of my head; but that, had I told it then, it might have been forgot now—and now is the time I want it.

I HAD left London with so much precipitation, that it never entered my mind that we were at war with France; and had reached Dover, and looked through my glass at the hills beyond Boulogne,  
before

before the idea presented itself; and with this in its train, that there was no getting there without a passport. Go but to the end of a street, I have a mortal aversion for returning back no wiser than I set out; and as this was one of the greatest efforts I had ever made for knowledge, I could less bear the thoughts of it: so hearing the Count de \*\*\*\* had hired the packet, I begged he would take me in his *suite*. The Count had some little knowledge of me, so made little or no difficulty—only said, his inclination to serve me could reach no further than Calais, as he was to return by way of Brussels to Paris: however, when I had once passed there; I might get to Paris without interruption; but that in Paris I must make friends, and shift for myself.—Let me get to Paris, Monsieur le Count, said I—and I shall do very well. So I embarked, and never thought more of the matter.

WHEN

WHEN La Fleur told me the Lieutenant de Police had been inquiring after me—the thing instantly recurred—as by the time La Fleur had well told me the master of the hotel came into my room to tell me the same thing, with this addition to it, that my passport had been particularly asked after: the master of the hotel concluded with saying, he hoped I had one.—Not I, faithfully said I.

THE master of the hotel retired three steps from me, as from an infected person, as I declared this—and poor La Fleur advanced three steps towards me and with that sort of movement which a good soul makes to succour a distressed one—the fellow won my heart by it and from that single *trait*, I knew his character as perfectly, and could rely upon it as firmly, as if he had served me with fidelity for seven years.

Mo

---

MON seigneur! cried the master of the hotel — but recollecting himself as he made the exclamation, he instantly changed the tone of it — If, Monsieur, said he, has not a passport (*apparemment*) in all likelihood he has friends in Paris who can procure him one. — Not that I know of, quoth I, with an air of indifference — Then *certes*, replied he, you'll be sent to the Bastile or the Chatelet, *au moins*. Poo! said I, the king of France is a good-natured soul — he'll hurt no body. — *Cela n'empêche pas*, said he — you will certainly be sent to the Bastile to-morrow morning. — But I've taken your lodgings for a month, answered I, and I'll not quit them a day before the time for all the kings of France in the world. La Fleur whispered me in the ear, that no body could oppose the king of France.

*Pardi!* said my host, *ces Messieurs Anglois*

*Anglois sont des gens tres extraordinaires*  
 —and having both said and sworn it—  
 he went out.

## THE PASSPORT.

### The Hotel at Paris.

**I** COULD not find in my heart to torture La Fleur's with a serious look upon the subject of my embarrassment, which was the reason I had treated it so cavalierly: and to shew him how light it lay upon my mind, I dropt the subject entirely; and whilst he waited upon me at supper, talked to him with more than usual gaiety about Paris, and of the opera comique. —La Fleur had been there himself, and had followed me through the street as far

far as the bookfeller's shop; but seeing me come out with the young *fille de chambre*, and that we walked down the Quai de Conti together, La Fleur deemed it unnecessary to follow me a step further—so making his own reflections upon it, he took a shorter cut—and got to the hotel in time to be informed of the affair of the Police against my arrival.

As soon as the honest creature had taken away, and gone down to sup himself, I then began to think a little seriously about my situation—

—AND here I know, Eugenius, thou wilt smile at the remembrance of a short dialogue which passed betwixt us the moment I was going to set out—I must tell it here.

EUGENIUS, knowing that I was as  
VOL. II. B little

little subject to be overburdened with money as thought, had drawn me aside to interrogate me how much I had taken care for; upon telling him the exact sum, Eugenius shook his head, and said it would not do; so pulled out his purse in order to empty it into mine.—I've enough in conscience, Eugenius, said I. —Indeed; Yorick, you have not, replied Eugenius—I know France and Italy better than you.—But you don't consider, Eugenius, said I, refusing his offer, that before I have been three days in Paris, I shall take care to say or do something or other for which I shall get clapped up in the Bastile, and that I shall live there a couple of months entirely at the king of France's expence.——I beg pardon, said Eugenius, dryly: really I had forgot that resource.

Now

Now the event I treated gaily came seriously to my door.

Is it folly, or nonchalance, or philosophy, or pertinacity—or what is it in me, that, after all, when La Fleur had gone down stairs, and I was quite alone, that I could not bring down my mind to think of it otherwise than I had then spoken of it to Eugenius?

AND as for the Bastile? the terror is in the word—Make the most of it you can, said I to myself, the Bastile is but another word for a tower—and a tower is but another word for a house you can't get out of—Mercy on the gouty! for they are in it twice a year—but with nine livres a day, and pen and ink, and paper, and patience, albeit a man can't get out, he may do very well within—at least for a month or six weeks; at the end of which, if he is a harmless fellow,



his innocence appears, and he comes out a better and wiser man, than he went in.

I HAD some occasion (I forgot what) to step into the court-yard, as I settled this account; and remember, I walked down stairs in no small triumph with the conceit of my reasoning—Beshrew the *sombre* pencil! said I vauntingly—for I envy not its powers, which paints the evils of life with so hard and deadly a colouring. The mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself, and blackened: reduce them to their proper size and hue, she overlooks them.—’Tis true, said I, correcting the proportion—the Bastile is not an evil to be despised—but strip it of its towers—fill up all the fosse—unbarricade the doors—call it simply a confinement, and suppose ’tis some tyrant of a distemper—and not of a man which holds you in it—the evil vanishes,

nishes, and you bear the other half without complaint.

I WAS interrupted in the hey-day of this soliloquy, with a voice which I took to be of a child, which complained "it could not get out,"—I looked up and down the passage, and seeing neither man, woman, or child, I went out without further attention.

IN my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over; and looking up, I saw it was a starling hung in a little cage.—"I can't get out—I can't get out," said the starling.

I stood looking at the bird; and to every person who came through the passage, it ran fluttering to the side towards which they approached it, with the same lamentation of its captivity—"I can't get

“out,” said the starling—God help thee! said I, but I’ll let thee out, cost what it will; so turned about the cage to get to the door: it was twisted and double twisted so fast with wire, there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces.—I took both hands to it.

THE bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it, as if impatient—I fear, poor creature! said I, I cannot set thee at liberty—“No,” said the starling—“I can’t get out—I can’t get out,” said the starling.

I v o w, I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; or do I remember an incident in my life, where the dissipated spirits, to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were,  
yet

yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastile; and I heavily walked up stairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

DISGUISE thyself as thou wilt, still, slavery! said I — still thou art a bitter draught; and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. — 'Tis thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess, addressing myself to LIBERTY, whom all in public or in private worship, whose taste is grateful and ever will be so, till NATURE herself shall change — no *tint* of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy sceptre into iron — with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose

court thou art exiled—Gracious he-  
 ven ! cried I, kneeling down upon the la-  
 step but one in my ascent—grant ~~me~~  
 but health, thou great Bestower of ~~it~~  
 and give me but this fair goddess as ~~my~~  
 companion—and shower down thy mi-  
 tres, if it seems good unto thy divine pro-  
 vidence, upon those heads which are  
 aching for them.

THE

## T H E C A P T I V E.

## P A R I S.

**T**HE bird in his cage pursued me into my room; I sat down close to my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I begun to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but slavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me—

I TOOK a single captive, and he  
 first shut him up in his dungeon, I  
 looked through the twilight of his gr  
 door to take his picture..

I BEHELD his body half wasted av  
 with long expectation and confineme  
 and felt what kind of sickness of the he  
 it was which arises from hope deferre  
 Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale an  
 feverish: in thirty years the western breez  
 had not once fanned his blood — he has  
 seen no sun, no moon in all that time—  
 nor had the voice of friend or kinsman  
 breathed through his lattice.— his chil-  
 dren —

—BUT here my heart began to bleed  
 —and I was forced to go on with another  
 part of the portrait.

HE was sitting upon the ground upon  
 a little straw, in the furthest corner of his  
 dungeon,

dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed : a little calendar of small sticks were laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there,—he had one of these little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down.—shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle—He gave a deep sigh.—I saw the iron enter into his soul—I burst into tears—I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn—I started up from my chair, and calling La Fleur, I bid him bespeak me a *remise*, and have it ready at the door of the hotel by nine in the morning.



—I'll go directly, said I, myself.  
Monsieur Le Duc de Choiseul.

LA Fleur would have put me to bed; but not willing he should see any thing upon my cheek which would cost the honest fellow a headache——I told him, I would go to bed by myself——and bid him do the same.

## THE STARLING

## ROAD TO VERSAILLES.

I GOT into my *remise* the hour I proposed: La Fleur got up behind, and I bid the coachman make the best of his way to Versailles.

As there is nothing in this road, or rather nothing which I look for in travelling, I cannot fill up the blank better than with a short history of this self-same bird, which became the subject of the last chapter.

WHILST the honourable Mr. \*\*\*\* was waiting for a wind at Dover, it had been caught upon the cliffs before it could well fly, by an English lad who was his groom;

groom; who not caring to destroy it, had taken it in his breast into the packet—and by course of feeding it, and taking it once under his protection, in a day or two grew fond of it, and got it safe along with him to Paris.

AT Paris the lad had laid out a livre in a little cage for the starling, and as he had little to do better the five months his master staid there, he taught it in his mother's tongue the four simple words—(and no more)—to which I owed myself so much its debtor.

UPON his master's going on for Italy—the lad had given it to the master of the hotel—But his little song for liberty, being in an *unknown* language at Paris, the bird had little or no store set by him—so La Fleur bought both him and his cage for me for a bottle of Burgundy.

IN

IN my return from Italy I brought him with me to the country, in whose language he had learned his notes—and telling the story of him to Lord A—Lord A—begged the bird of me—in a week Lord A—gave him to Lord B— Lord B made a present of him to Lord C—and Lord C's gentleman sold him to Lord D's for a shilling—Lord D gave him to Lord E—and so on—half round the alphabet—from that rank he passed into the lower house, and passed the hands of as many commoners— But as all these wanted to *get in*—and my bird wanted to *get out*—he had almost as little store set by him in London as in Paris.

It is impossible but many of my readers must have heard of him; and if any by mere chance have ever seen him—I beg leave to inform them, that that bird was

was my bird —— or some vile copy set up  
to represent him.

I HAVE nothing further to add upon  
him, but that from that time to this,  
I have borne this poor starling as the crest  
to my arms——

——AND let the heralds officers twist  
his neck about, if they dare.

T H E

## H E A D D R E S S.

## V E R S A I L L E S.

SHOULD not like to have my enemy take a view of my mind when going to ask protection of any man; which reason I generally endeavour to protect myself: but this going to Monsieur Le Duc C\*\*\*\* was an act of commission — had it been an act of choice, I could have done it, I suppose, like other people.

How many mean plans of dirty address, as I went along, did my servile art form! I deserved the Bastille for every one of them.

VOL. II.

C

THEN

THEN nothing would serve me I got within sight of Versailles, biting words and sentences together, conceiving attitudes and tones, to myself into Monsieur Le Duc de C good graces—This will do, said I as well, retorted I again, as a coat up to him by an adventurous tailor out taking his measure—Fool! cried I—see Monsieur Le Duc's face observe what character is written take notice in what posture he stands hear you—mark the turns and positions of his body and limbs—And tone—the first sound which comes from his lips will give it you; and fit these together you'll compound an antidote at once upon the spot, which can disgust the Duke—the ingredients are all his own, and most likely to go down.

qual throughout the whole surface globe; and if in the field—why ce to face in the cabinet too? And me, Yorick, whenever it is not so, is false to himself, and betrays his succours ten times where nature t once. Go to the Duc de C\*\*\*\* the Baffle in thy looks—My life, thou wilt be sent back to Paris in a-half an hour, with an escort.

BELIEVE so, said I—Then I'll go to Duke, by heaven! with all the gaiety lebonairness in the world.—

AND there you are wrong again, re-  
I—A heart at ease, Yorick, flies in-  
tremes—'tis ever on its centre.—  
! well! cried I, as the coachman  
d in at the gates, I find I shall do  
well: and by the time he had  
ed round the court and brought me  
the door, I found myself so much



the better for my own lecture, that I ther ascended the steps like a victim of justice, who was to part with life at the top-moſt --- nor did I mount it with a ſkip and a couple of ſtrides, do when I fly up, Eliza! to thee meet it.

As I entered the door of the ſaloon was met by a perſon who poſſibly might be the maitre d' hotel, but had more air of one of the under ſecretaries, who told me the Duc de C\*\*\*\* was buſy--- I am utterly ignorant, ſaid I, of the ſecret of obtaining an audience, being an absolute ſtranger, and what is worſe in the preſent conjuncture of affairs, being Engliſhman too.---He replied, that I ſhould not increaſe the difficulty.---I made him a ſlight bow, and told him, I had ſomething of importance to ſay to Monſieur Le Duc. The ſecretary looked towards the ſtair as if he was about to leave me to call

s account to some one—But I must  
 islead you, said I—for what I have  
 no manner of importance to Mon-  
 Le Duc de C\*\*\*\*—but of great im-  
 portance to myself.—*C'est une autre affaire,*  
 said he—Not at all, said I, to a man  
 of my rank.—But pray, good Sir, con-  
 sider I, when can a stranger hope to  
 be admitted?—In not less than two hours,  
 said he, looking at his watch. The num-  
 ber of equipages in the court-yard seem-  
 ed to justify the calculation, that I could  
 not expect a nearer prospect—and as walking  
 towards and forwards in the saloon  
 without a soul to commune with, was for  
 me as bad as being in the Bastille it-  
 self, I instantly went back to my *remise*,  
 and the coachman drove me to the  
*Hotel de Ville*, which was the nearest hotel.

I THINK there is a fatality in it—I  
 must go to the place I set out for.

## L E P A T I S S E R.

## V E R S A I L L E S.

**B**EFORE I had got half way down the street, I changed my mind: as I am at Versailles, thought I, I might as well take a view of the town; so I pulled the cord, and ordered the coachman to drive round some of the principal streets—I suppose the town is not very large, said I.—The coachman begged pardon for setting me right; and told me it was very superb, and that numbers of the first dukes and marquises and counts had hotels.—The Count de B\*\*\*\*, of whom the bookfeller at the Quai de Conti had spoken so handsomely the night before, came instantly into my mind—And why should I not go, thought I, to the Count

de

de B\*\*\*\*, who has so high an idea of English books and Englishmen—and tell him my story? so I changed my mind a second time—In truth it was the third; for I had intended that day for Madame de R\*\*\*\* in the Rue St. Pierre, and had devoutly sent her word by her *fille de chambre* that I would assuredly wait upon her—but I am governed by circumstances—I cannot govern them: so seeing a man standing with a basket on the other side of the street, as if he had something to sell, I bid La Fleur go up to him and inquire for the Count's hotel.

La Fleur returned a little pale; and told me it was a Chevalier de St. Louis selling *patés*—It is impossible, La Fleur! said I.—La Fleur could no more account for the phenomenon than myself; but persisted in his story: he had seen the croix set in gold, with its red-ribbon, he said, tied to his button-hole—and had

looked into the basket and seen th  
which the Chevalier was selling; fo  
not be mistaken in that.

SUCH a reverse in a man's life as  
a better principle than curiosity: I  
not help looking for some time a  
as I sat in the *remise*—the more I  
at him, his croix and his basket, the  
er they wove themselves into my b  
I got out of the *remise*, and went t  
him.

He was begirt with a clean l  
pron which fell below his knee  
with a sort of a bib went half  
his breast: upon the top of this  
little below the hem, hung his  
His basket of little *patés* was cov  
ver with a white damask napkin  
ther of the same kind was spread  
bottom; and there was a look of  
and neatness throughout, that one

have bought his *patés* of him, as much from appetite as sentiment.

He made an offer of them to neither; but stood still with them at the corner of a hotel, for those to buy who chose it, without solicitation.

He was about forty-eight.— of a sedate look, something approaching to gravity. I did not wonder.— I went up rather to the basket than him, and having lifted up the napkin, and taken one of his *patés* into my hand—I begged he would explain the appearance which affected me.

He told me in a few words, that the best part of his life had passed in the service, in which, after spending a small patrimony, he had obtained a company and the croix with it; but that at the conclusion of the last peace, his regi-

ment

ment being reformed, and the corps, with those of some others, left without any provisions, found himself in a wide world, friends, without a livre——and said he, without any thing but (pointing, as he said it, to his crozier). The poor Chevalier won my pity, finished the scene with winning steem too.

THE king, he said, was the generous of princes, but his goodness could neither relieve or reward one, and it was only his misfortune amongst the number. He had a wife, he said, whom he loved, the *patissier*; and added, he felt

It would be wicked to withhold a pleasure from the good, in passing over what happened to this poor Chevalier of St. Louis about nine months after.

It seems he usually took his stand near the iron gates which lead up to the place, and as his croix had caught the eye of numbers, numbers had made the same inquiry which I had done—— He had told them the same story, and always with so much modesty and good sense, that it had reached at last the king's ears——who hearing the Chevalier had been a gallant officer, and respected by the whole regiment as a man of honour and integrity——he broke up his little trade by a pension of fifteen hundred livres a-year.

As



## 44 SENTIMENTAL

As I have told this to please the reader, I beg he will allow me to relate another out of its order, to please myself—the two stories reflect light upon each other—and 'tis a pity they should be parted.

THE

## T H E S W O R D.

## R E N N E S.

**W**HEN states and empires have their periods of declension, and feel in their turns what distress and poverty is—I stop not to tell the causes which gradually brought the house d' E\*\*\*\* in Britany into decay. The Marquis d' E\*\*\*\* had fought up against his condition with great firmness; wishing to preserve, and still show to the world, some little fragments of what his ancestors had been—their indiscretions had put it out of his power. There was enough left for the little exigencies of *obscurity*.—But he had two boys who looked up to him for *light*—he thought they deserved it. He had tried his sword—it could not open

open the way—the *mounting* was too expensive—and simple œconomy was not a match for it—there was no resource but commerce.

IN any other province in France, save Britany, this was smiting the root for ever of the little tree his pride and affection wished to see re-blossom——But in Britany, there being a provision for this, he availed himself of it; and taking an occasion when the states were assembled at Rennes, the Marquis attended with his two boys, entered the court; and having pleaded the right of an ancient law of the duchy, which, though seldom claimed, he said, was no less in force, he took his sword from his side——Here, said he, take it; and be trusty guardians of it, till better times put me in condition to reclaim it.

THE

THE president accepted the Marquis's sword—he staid a few minutes to see it deposited in the archives of his house, and departed.

THE Marquis and his whole family embarked the next day for Martinico, and in about nineteen or twenty years of successful application to business, with some unlooked for bequests from distant branches of his house, returned home to reclaim his nobility, and to support it.

IT was an incident of good fortune which will never happen to any traveller, but a sentimental one, that I should be at Rennes at the very time of this solemn requisition: I call it solemn—it was so to me.

THE Marquis entered the court with his whole family: he supported his Lady  
—his

his eldest son supported his sister, youngest was at the other extremity of the line next his mother—he wiped his handkerchief to his face twice—

—THERE was a dead silence. When the Marquis had approached within a few paces of the tribunal, he gave the signal to his youngest son, and advancing three steps before his family, he reclaimed his sword. His sword was given him, and the moment he got it into his hand, he drew it almost out of its scabbard—'twas the shining friend he had once given up—he looked attentively along it, beginning at the hilt as if to see whether it was the same sword when observing a little rust which he had contracted near the point, he brought it near his eye, and bending his head over it—I think I saw a tear fall upon the blade. I could not be deceived by what followed:

# JOURNEY. 49

"I SHALL find, said he, some other way to get it off."

WHEN the Marquis had said this, he returned his sword into its scabbard, made a bow to the guardians of it-- and, with his wife and daughter, and his two sons following him, walked out.

O how I envied him his feelings!

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it  
on  
he  
hat

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D

THE

"I

## THE PASSPORT

## VERSAILLES.

**I** FOUND no difficulty in getting admittance to Monsieur le Count B\*\*\*\*. The set of Shakespeare's works laid upon the table, and he was tumbling them over. I walked up close to the table, and giving first such a look at the books as to make him conceive I knew what they were—I told him I had come without any one to present me, knowing I should meet with a friend in his apartment, who, I trusted, would do it for me—it is my countryman the great Shakespeare, said I, pointing to his works—  
*et avez la bonét, mon cher ami, apostrophizing*

zing his spirit, added, I, *de me faire cet honneur la.* —

THE Count smil'd at the singularity of the introduction; and seeing I looked a little pale and sickly, insisted upon my taking an arm-chair; so I sat down; and to save him conjectures upon a visit so out of all rule, I told him simply of the incident in the bookseller's shop, and how that had impelled me rather to go to him with the story of a little embarrassment I was under, than to any other man in France——And what is your embarrassment? let me hear it, said the Count. So I told him the story just as I have told it the reader——

—AND the master of my hotel, said I, as I concluded it, will needs have it, Monsieur le Count, that I shall be sent to the Bastille——but I have no apprehensions, continued I—for in falling into the hands



of the most polished people in th  
and being conscious I was a true r  
not come to spy the nakedness of  
I scarce thought I lay at their  
It does not suit the gallantry  
French, Monsieur le Count, sai  
shew it against invalids.

AN animated blush came into th  
de B\*\*\*\*'s cheeks as I spoke t  
*craignez rien*—Don't fear, said he—  
I don't, replied I again.—Besides  
nued I a little sportingly, I hav  
laughing all the way from Londo  
ris, and I do not think Monfieur  
de Choiseul is such an enemy to n  
to send me back crying for my pi

—MY application to you, Mon  
Count de B\*\*\*\* (making him a k  
is to desire he will not.

THE Count heard me with gr

---

nature, or I had not said half as much—  
and once or twice said—*C'est bien dit*. So  
I rested my cause there—and determin-  
ed to say no more about it.

THE Count led the discourse: we talk-  
ed of indifferent things—of books and  
politics—of men—and then of women—  
God bless them all! said I, after much  
discourse about them—there is not a man  
upon earth who loves them so much as I  
do: after all the foibles I have seen, and  
all the satires I have read against them,  
still I love them; being firmly persuaded  
that a man, who has not a sort of an af-  
fection for the whole sex, is incapable of  
ever loving a single one as he ought.

*Heb bien! Monsieur l'Anglois*, said the  
Count, gaily.—You are not come to spy  
the nakedness of the land—I believe you  
—*ni encore*, I dare say, *that* of our women.  
—But permit me to conjecture—if,

*par hazard*, they fell in your way, that the prospect would not affect you.

I HAVE something within me which cannot bear the shock of the least indecent insinuation: in the sportability of chit-chat I have often endeavoured to conquer it, and with infinite pain have hazarded a thousand things to a dozen of the sex together—the least of which I could not venture to a single one to gain heaven.

EXCUSE me, Monsieur le Count, said I—as for the nakedness of your land, if I saw it, I should cast my eyes over it with tears in them—and for that of your women (blushing at the idea he had excited in me) I am so evangelical in this, and have such a fellow-feeling for what is *weak* about them, that I would cover it with a garment, if I knew how to throw it on—But I could wish, continued I,

I, to spy the *nakedness* of their hearts, and through the different disguises of customs, climates, and religions, find out what is good in them to fashion my own by—and therefore am I come.

It is for this reason, Monsieur le Count, continued I, that I have not seen the Palais royal—nor the Luxembourg—nor the Façade of the Louvre—nor have attempted to swell the catalogues we have of pictures, statues and churches—I conceive every fair being as a temple, and would rather enter in, and see the original drawings and loose sketches hung up in it, than the transfiguration of Raphael itself.

THE thirst of this, continued I, as impatient as that which inflames the breast of the connoisseur, has led me from my own home into France—and from France will lead me through Italy—'tis a quiet

D 4

journey.

journey of the heart in pursuit  
TURE, and those affections which  
of her, which make us love each  
and the world, better than we

THE Count said a great many  
things to me upon the occasion  
ded very politely how much he  
liged to Shakespeare for me  
known to him—But, *a-propos*,  
Shakespeare is full of great things  
forgot a small punctilio of as  
your name—it puts you under  
of doing it yourself.

## THE PASSPORT.

## VERSAILLES.

**T**HERE is not a more perplexing affair in life to me, than to set about telling any one who I am—for there is scarce any body I cannot give a better account of than of myself; and I have often wished I could do it in a single word—and have an end of it. It was the only time and occasion in my life I could accomplish this to any purpose—for Shakespeare lying upon the table, and recollecting I was in his books, I took up Hamlet, and turning immediately to the grave digger's scene in the fifth act, I laid my finger upon YORICK, and advancing the book to the Count, with my finger  
all

all the way over the name—Me, said I.

Now, whether the idea of poor Rick's skull was put out of the C mind by the reality of my own, what magic he could drop a period seven or eight hundred years, making thing in this account—'tis certain French conceive better than they bine—I wonder at nothing in this and the less at this; in as much as the first of our own church, for candour and paternal sentiments I the highest veneration, fell into the mistake in the very same case.—“He “ not bear, he said, to look into the “ wrote by the king of Denmark's journal.—Good, my lord! said I; but the two Yoricks. The Yorick you

sick is myself, who have flourished, my lord, in no court—He shook his head—Good God! said I, you might as well confound Alexander the Great with Alexander the Copper-smith, my Lord—’Twas all one, he replied——

—If Alexander king of Macedon could have translated your lordship, said I, I’m sure your lordship would not have said so.

THE poor Count de B.... fell but into the same error——

—*Et, Monsieur, est-il Yorick ?* cried the Count.—*Je le suis, said I—Vous?—Moi—moi qui ai l’honneur de vous parler, Monsieur le Comte—Mon Dieu ! said he, embracing me—Vous etes Yorick.*

THE Count instantly put the Shakespeare into his pocket, and left me alone in his room.

T H E



## THE PASSPORT

## VERSAILLES

I COULD not conceive Count de B\*\*\*\* had gone by out of the room, any more could conceive why he had put Shakespeare into his pocket—*trifles which must explain themselves, worth the loss of time which a search of them takes up; 'twas but Shakespeare; so taking up "about Nothing," I transported instantly from the chair I sat in at Messina in Sicily, and got so busy with Pedro, and Benedict, and Beaumont, that I thought not of Versailles, though I had the Passport.*

SWEET pliability of man's spirit, that  
 can at once surrender itself to illusions,  
 which cheat expectation and sorrow of  
 their weary moments!——Long——  
 long since had ye numbered out my days,  
 had I not trod so great a part of them  
 upon this enchanted ground: when my  
 way is too rough for my feet, or too  
 steep for my strength, I get off it, to some  
 smooth velvet path which fancy has  
 scattered over with rose-buds of de-  
 light; and having taken a few turns in  
 it, come back strengthened and refresh-  
 ed——When evils press sore upon me,  
 and there is no retreat from them in this  
 world, then I take a new course——I  
 leave it——and as I have a clearer idea  
 of the Elysian fields than I have of hea-  
 ven, I force myself, like Æneas, into  
 them——I see him meet the pensive  
 shade of his forsaken Dido, and wish to  
 recognize it——I see the injured spirit wave  
 her head, and turn off silent from the au-  
 thor

thor of her miseries and dishonours—lose the feelings for myself in hers, in those affections which were to make me mourn for her when I was school.

*Surely this is not walking in a vain show—nor does man disquiet himself in by it—he often does so in trusting the power of his commotions to reason only—I may safely say for myself, I was never able to conquer any one single bad sensation in my heart so decisively, as by beating up against it as I could for some kindly and good sensation to fight it upon its own ground.*

WHEN I had got to the end of the third act, the Count de B\*\*\*\* entered with my passport in his hand. Monseigneur Le Duc de C——said the Count, I am good a prophet, I dare say, as he is a stout man—*Un homme qui rit, ne sera jamais dangereux.*—Had it been

any one but the king's jester, added the Count, I could not have got it these two hours—*Pardonnez moi*, Monsieur le Count, said I—I am not the king's jester.—But you are Yorick?—Yes,—*Et vous plaisantez?*—I answered, Indeed I did jest—but was not paid for it——'twas entirely at my own expence.

WE have no jester at court, Monsieur le Count, said I; the last we had was in the licentious reign of Charles II.—since which time our manners have been so gradually refining, that our court at present is so full of patriots who wish for *nothing* but the honours and wealth of their country—and our ladies are all so chaste, so spotless, so good, so devout—there is nothing for a jester to make a jest of—

*Voilà un persiflage!* cried the Count.

T H E

## THE PASSPORT

## VERSAILLES.

AS the passport was directed to lieutenant-governors, governors and commandants of cities, general armies, justiciaries, and all officers of justice, to let Mr. Yorick, the king's justice, and his baggage, travel quietly alone. I own the triumph of obtaining the passport was not a little tarnished by the figure I cut in it — But there is not unmixed in this world; and some of the gravest of our divines have carried far as to affirm, that enjoyment itself attended even with a sigh — and the greatest *they knew of* terminate

*a general way*, in little better than a convulsion.

I REMEMBER the grave and learned Bevoriskius, in his commentary upon the generations from Adam, very naturally breaks off in the middle of a note, to give an account to the world of a couple of sparrows upon the out-edge of his window, which had incommoded him all the time he wrote, and at last had entirely taken him off from his genealogy.

—Tis strange: writes Bevoriskius; but the facts are certain, for I have had the curiosity to mark them down one by one with my pen—but the cock sparrow during the little time I could have finished the other half of this note, has actually interrupted me with the reiteration of his careffes three and twenty times and a half.

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How

How merciful, adds Bevoriskius  
heaven to his creatures !

ILL fated Yorick ! that the grave  
thy brethren should be able to write  
to the world, which stains thy face  
crimson to copy even in thy study.

BUT this is nothing to my travels—  
I twice—twice beg pardon for it.

CH

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## C H A R A C T E R.

## V E R S A I L L E S.

**A**ND how do you find the French?  
 said the Count de B\*\*\*, after he  
 had given me the passport.

THE reader may suppose, that after  
 so obliging a proof of courtesy I could  
 not be at a loss to say something hand-  
 some to the inquiry.

— *Mais passe, pour cela*—Speak frank-  
 ly, said he; do you find all the urbanity  
 in the French which the world give us  
 the honour of?—I had found every  
 thing, I said, which confirms it—*Vrai-*  
*ment*, said the Count *Les François sont*  
*polis*—To an excess, replied I.



THE Count took notice of the *excess*, and would have it I meant less than I said. I defended myself a time as well as I could against it—insisted I had a reserve, and that I would speak my opinion frankly.

• I BELIEVE, Monsieur le Count, that man has a certain compass, as an instrument; and that the *fa* and other calls have occasion by turn every key in him; so that if you hit a note too high or too low, there must be a want either in the upper or under to fill up the system of harmony — Count de B\*\*\* did not understand *fa*; so desired me to explain it another way. A polished nation, my Count, said I, makes every one its due and besides, urbanity itself, like the *flex*, has so many charms, it goes against the heart to say it can do ill: and I believe, there is but a certain line of

see

n, that man, take him altogether, powered to arrive at—if he gets be-  
 , he rather exchanges qualities than  
 them. I must not presume to say,  
 far this has affected the French in  
 subject we are speaking of——but  
 d it ever be the case of the English,  
 e progress of their refinements, to  
 e at the same polish which distin-  
 es the French, if we did not lose the  
*je de cœur*, which inclines men more  
 mane actions than courteous ones—  
 ould at least lose that distinct variety  
 originality of character, which distin-  
 es them, not only from each other,  
 from all the world besides.

HAD a few king William's shillings,  
 smooth as glass, in my pocket; and  
 seeing they would be of use in the il-  
 lustration of my hypothesis, I had got  
 into my hand, when I had proceed-  
 o far—

SEE, Monsieur le Count, said I, rising up, and laying them before him upon the table,——by jingling and rubbing one against another for seventy years together in one body's pocket or another's, they are become so much alike, you can scarce distinguish one shilling from another.

THE English, like ancient medals, keep more a-part, and passing but few people's hands, preserve the first sharpness which the fine hand of nature has given them—they are not so pleasant to feel—but in return, the legend is so visible, that the first look you see whose image and superscription they bear—But the French Monsieur le Count, added I (wishing to soften what I had said) have so many excellencies, they can the better spare them—they are a loyal, a gallant, a generous, an ingenious, and good tempered people as is under heaven;—if they have a fault—they are too *serious*.

*Me*

*Dieu!* cried the Count, rising out of his chair.

*vous plaisantez*, said he, correcting my mistake—*amateur*—I laid my hand upon my forehead and with earnest gravity assured him that it was my most settled opinion.

The Count said he was mortified, he could not stay to hear my reasons, being obliged to go at that moment to dine with the Countess de C\*\*\*.

“If it is not too far to come to Versailles, to eat your soup with me, I beg, before you leave France; I may have the opportunity of knowing you retract your opinion—or, in what manner you support it, if you do support it. Monsieur de C\*\*\*, said he, you must do it with all your powers, because you have the whole of France against you.—I promised the Countess to do myself the honour of dining

with him before I set out for Italy took my leave.

## THE TEMPTATIO

## P A R I S.

**W**HEN I alighted at the hotel, the porter told me, a young woman with a band-box had been a moment inquiring for me.—I did not know, said the porter, whether I was gone or no. I took the key of my chamber of him, and went up stairs; and as I had got within ten steps of the landing before my door, I met her coming easily down.

It was the fair *fille de chambre* I had seen walking along the Quai de Conti. Madame de R\*\*\*\* had sent her

some commissions to *merchands de modes* within a step or two of the hotel de Modenne, and as I had failed in waiting upon her, had bid her inquire if I had left Paris; and if so, whether I had not left a letter addressed to her.

As the fair *fille de chambre* was so near my door, she turned back, and went into the room with me for a moment or two whilst I wrote a card.

It was a fine still evening, in the latter end of the month of May—the crimson window-curtains (which were of the same colour of those of the bed) were drawn close—the sun was setting, and reflected through them so warm a tint into the fair *fille de chambre's* face—I thought she blushed—the idea of it made me blush myself—we were quite alone; and that super-induced a second blush before the first could get off.

THERE

THERE is a sort of a pleasing half guilt-ty blush, where the blood is more in fault than the man—'tis sent impetuous from the heart, and virtue flies after it—not to call it back, but to make the sensation of it more delicious to the nerves—'tis associated.—

BUT I'll not describe it—I felt something at first within me which was not in strict unison with the lesson of virtue I had given her the night before—I sought five minutes for a card—I knew I had not one—I took up a pen—I laid it down again—my hand trembled—the devil was in me.

IKNEW as well as any one, he is an adversary, whom if we resist, he will fly from us—but I seldom resist him at all; from a terror, though I may conquer, I may still get a hurt in the combat—so I give up the triumph for security; and  
instead

stead of thinking to make him fly, I  
generally fly myself.

THE fair *fille de chambre* came close up  
to the bureau where I was looking for a  
quill—took up first the pen I cast down,  
then offered to hold me the ink: she of-  
fered it so sweetly, I was going to accept  
—but I durst not—I have nothing, my  
dear, said I, to write upon.—Write it,  
said she, simply, upon any thing.—

I WAS just going to cry out, then  
will write it, fair girl! upon thy  
sleeve.—

IF I do, said I, I shall perish—so I  
took her by the hand, and led her to the  
door, and begged she would not forget  
the lesson I had given her.—She said,  
indeed she would not.—and as she ut-  
tered it with some earnestness, she turn-  
ed about and gave me both her hands,  
which she then closed.



closed together, into mine—it was impossible not to compress them in that position—I wished to let them go: at the time I held them, I kept arguing within myself against it—and still I held them on.—In two minutes I found I had all the battles to fight over again—and I felt my legs and every limb tremble at the idea.

THE foot of the bed was within a yard and a half of the place where we were standing.—I had still hold of her hand—and how it happened I can give no account, but I neither asked her—nor told her—nor did I think of the bed—so it did happen, we both sat down

“I’LL just shew you,” said the fair *chambre*, the little purse I have been bringing to-day to hold your crown. I put her hand into her right pocket, and was next me, and felt for it for some

—then into the left——“She had  
“lost it.”——I never bore expectation  
more quietly——it was in her right poc-  
ket at last——she pulled it out; it was of  
green taffeta, lined with a little bit of  
white quilted sattin, and just big enough  
to hold the crown——she put it into my  
hand——it was pretty; and I held it ten  
minutes with the back of my hand rest-  
ing upon her lap——looking sometimes  
at the purse, sometimes on one side of  
it.”

A STITCH or two had broke out in  
the gathers of my stock——the fair *fille*  
*de chambre*, without saying a word, took  
out her little huffive, threaded a small  
needle, and sewed it up——I foresaw it  
would hazard the glory of the day; and  
as she passed her hand in silence across  
and across my neck in the manoeuvre, I  
felt the laurels shake which fancy had  
wreathed about my head.

A STRAP had given way in her walk, and the buckle of her shoe was just falling off—See, said the *fille de chambre*, holding up her foot—I could not for my soul but fasten the buckle in return, and putting in the strap—and lifting up the other foot with it, when I had done, to see both were right—in doing it too suddenly—it unavoidably threw the fair *fille de chambre* off her centre—and then—

T H E

## THE CONQUEST.

YES—and then — Ye whose clay  
cold heads and luke-warm hearts  
argue down or mask your passions,  
me, what trespass is it that man  
ould have them? or how his spirits  
ids answerable to the Father of spirits  
for his conduct under them?

If nature has so woven her web of  
dness, that some threads of love and  
ire are entangled with the piece—must  
whole web be rent in drawing them  
?—Whip me such stoics, great Go-  
nor of nature! said I to myself—  
erever thy Providence shall place me  
the trials of my virtue—whatever is  
situation—let me feel the movements  
ich rise out of it, and which belongs  
to

80 SENTIMENT

to me as a man—and, if I go  
as a good one, I will trust to  
thy justice; for thou hast not  
betrayed us.

As I finished my address,  
my fair *fille de chambre* up by the  
door led her out of the room —  
and I followed her till I locked the door and  
went into my pocket — *and then* — the  
thing quite decisive — and not  
pressing my lips to her cheek,  
but taking her by the hand again, led her  
out of the gate of the hotel.

## THE MYSTERY.

## P A R I S.

**I**F a man knows the heart, he will know it was impossible to go back instantly to my chamber—it was touching a cold key with a flat third to it, upon the close of a piece of music, which had called forth my affections—therefore, when I let go the hand of the *fille de chambre*, I remained at the gate of the hotel for some time, looking at every one who passed by, and forming conjectures upon them, till my attention got fixed upon a single object which confounded all kind of reasoning upon him.

It was a tall figure, of a philosophic, serious, adust look, which passed and re-

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passed

passed sedately along the street, making a turn of about sixty paces on each side of the gate of the hotel—the man was about fifty-two—had a small cane under his arm—was dressed in a dark drab coloured coat, waistcoat and breeches, which seemed to have seen some years service—they were still clean, and there was a little air of frugal *propreté* throughout him. By his pulling off his hat, and his attitude of accosting a good many in his way, I saw he was asking charity; so I got a sou or two out of my pocket ready to give him, as he took me in his turn—he passed by me without asking anything—and yet did not go five steps further before he asked charity of a little woman—I was much more like to have given of the two—He had scarce done with the woman, when he pulled off his hat to another who was coming the same way.—An ancient gentleman came slowly—and after him, a young smart one—He let them both pass, and

I asked nothing. I stood observing a half an hour, in which time, he had made a dozen turns backwards and forwards, and found that he invariably pursued the same plan.

THERE were two things very singular in his, which set my brain to work, and to purpose—the first was, why then should *only* tell his story to the sex—and secondly—what kind of story it was, and what species of eloquence could be, which softened the hearts of women, which he knew 'twas to no purpose to practise upon the men.

THERE were two other circumstances which entangled this mystery—the one was, he told every woman what he had said in her ear, and in a way which had much more the air of a secret than a person—the other was, it was always



successful——he never stopped at a man, but she pulled out her purse, and immediately gave him something.

I COULD form no system to explain the phenomenon.

I HAD got a riddle to amuse me the rest of the evening, so I walked stairs to my chamber.

TE

## CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

## P A R I S.

A'S immediately followed up by the master of the hotel, who came to my room to tell me I must provide myself elsewhere. — How so, friend? — He answered, I had a young man locked up with me two hours that morning in my bed<sup>d</sup> chamber, and 'twas against the rules of his house. — Very well said I, we'll all part friends then — the girl is no worse — and I am no worse — and you will be just as I found you. — It was enough, he said, to overturn the credit of his hotel. — *Voyez Monsieur*, said he, pointing to the man of the bed we had been sitting upon. — It had something of the appearance

ance of an evidence; but my pride not suffering me to enter into any detail of the case, I exhorted him to let his soul sleep in peace, as I resolved to let mine do that night, and that I would discharge what I owed him at breakfast.

I SHOULD not have minded, *Monsieur*, said he, if you had had twenty girls—— 'Tis a score more, replied I, interrupting him, than I ever reckoned upon—— provided, added he, it had been but in a morning.——And does the difference of the time of the day at Paris make a difference in the sin?—It made a difference, he said, in the scandal.——I like a good distinction in my heart; and cannot say I was intolerably out of temper with the man.——I own it is necessary, re-assumed the master of the hotel, that a stranger at Paris should have the opportunities presented to him of buying lace, and silk stockings, and ruffles, *et tout cela*, and 'tis  
nothing

ing if a woman comes with a band-  
 —O' my conscience, said I, she had  
 but I never looked into it.—Then  
*leur*, said he, has bought nothing.  
 at one earthly thing, replied I.—  
 ise, said he, I could recommend one  
 u who would use you *en conscience*.  
 must see her this night, said I. He  
 me a low bow, and walked down.

ow shall I triumph over this *maitre*  
*el*, cried I—and what then?—  
 I shall let him see I know he is a  
 fellow.—And what then?—What  
 —I was too near myself to say  
 s for the sake of others.—I had no  
 answer left—there was more of  
 than principle in my project,  
 I was sick of it before the execu-

a few minutes the Griffet came in

E 4. with

with her box of lace—I'll buy nothing, however, said I, within myself.

THE Grisset would shew me every thing—I was hard to please: she would not seem to see it: she opened her little magazine, laid all her laces one after another before me—unfolded and folded them up again one by one with the most patient sweetness—I might buy—or not—she would let me have every thing at my own price——the poor creature seemed anxious to get a penny; and laid herself out to win me, and not so much in a manner which seemed artful, as in one I felt simple and caressing.

IF there is not a fund of honest cullibility in man, so much the worse—my heart relented, and I gave up my second resolution as quietly as the first—Why should I chastise one for the trespass of another? If thou art tributary to this tyrant

nt of an host, thought I, looking up  
 at face, so much harder is thy bread.

I had not had more than four *Louis*  
 in my purse, there was no such thing  
 ing up and shewing her the door, till  
 first laid three of them out in a pair  
*files*.

—The master of the hotel will share  
 profit with her—no matter—then I  
 only paid as many a poor soul has  
 before me, for an act he *could* not do,  
 ink of.

THE

## T H E R I D D L

## P A R I S.

**W**HEN La Fleur came to wait upon me at supper, he told me how sorry the master of the hotel was for his affront to me in bidding me change my lodging.

A man who values a good night's sleep will not lie down with enmity in his mind if he can help it—So I bid La Fleur the master of the hotel, that I was on my side for the occasion I had told him—and you may tell him, if you like. La Fleur, added I, that if the young man should call again, I shall not see

THIS was a sacrifice not to him only, having resolved, after so na

escape, to run no more risks, but to leave Paris, if it was possible, with all the virtue I entered in.

*C'est déroger à noblesse, Monsieur, said La Fleur, making me a bow down to the ground as he said it—Et encore, Monsieur, said he, may change his sentiments—and if, (par hazard), he should like to amuse himself—I find no amusement in it, said I interrupting him.*

*Mon Dieu! said La Fleur—and took away.*

— In an hour's time he came to put me to bed, and was more than commonly officious—something hung upon his lips to say to me, or ask me, which he could not get off: I could not conceive what it was; and indeed, gave myself little trouble to find it out, as I had another riddle so much more interesting upon my mind, which



which was that of the man's asking *charity* before the door of the hotel—— I would have given any thing to have got to the bottom of it; and that, not out of curiosity——'tis so low a principle of inquiry, in general, I would not purchase the gratification of it with a two sous piece—but a secret, I thought, which so soon and so certainly softened the heart of every woman you came near, was a secret, at least equal to the philosopher's stone: had I had both the Indies, I would have given up one to have been master of it.

I TOSSED and turned it almost all night long in my brains to no manner of purpose: and when I awoke in the morning, I found my spirit as much troubled with my *dreams*, as ever the king of Babylon had been with his: and I will not hesitate to affirm, it would have puzzled all the wise men of Paris, as much as those of Chaldea, to have given its interpretation.

L E.

## L E D I M A N C H E.

## P A R I S.

It was Sunday; and when La Fleur came in, in the morning, with my coffee, and roll, and butter, he had got himself so gallantly arrayed, I scarce knew him.

I HAD covenanted at Montreal to give him a new hat with a silver button and loop, and four Louis d'ors *pour s'adoniser*, when we got to Paris; and the poor fellow, to do him justice, had done wonders with it.

HE had bought a bright, clean, good scarlet coat, and a pair of breeches of the same.—They were not a crown worse, he said, for the wearing—I wished him hang—ed for telling me—They looked so fresh, that

that though I knew the thing could not be done, yet I would rather have imposed upon my fancy with thinking I had bought them new for the fellow, than that they had come out of the *Rue de friperie*.

THIS is a nicety which makes not the heart sore at Paris.

HE had purchased moreover a handsome blue sattin waistcoat, fancifully enough embroidered—this was indeed something the worse for the services it had done, but 'twas clean scoured—the gold had been touched up, and upon the whole was rather showy than otherwise—and as the blue was not violet, it suited with the coat and breeches very well: he had squeezed out of the money, moreover, a new bag and a solitaire; and had insisted with the *fripier*, upon a gold pair of garters to his breeches knees—He had purchased muslin-ruffles, *bien brodés*, with  
four

es of his own money—and a pair  
 : silk stockings for five more——  
 top all, nature had given him a  
 e figure without costing him a

tered the room thus set off, with  
 dressed in the first style, and with  
 me *bouquet* in his breast——in a  
 ere was that look of festivity in  
 ing about him, which at once  
 n mind it was Sunday—and by  
 ng both together, it instantly  
 e, that the favour he wished to  
 e the night before, was to spend  
 as every body in Paris spent it,

I had scarce made the conjec-  
 en La Fleur, with infinite humi-  
 with a look of trust, as if I should  
 se him, begged I would grant  
 day, *poor faire le galant vis-a-vis*  
*treffe.*

Now

Now it was the very thing I intended to do myself *vis-a-vis* Madame R\*\*\*\*. I had retained the *renise* on purpose for it, and it would not have mortified my vanity to have a servant so well dressed as La Fleur was to have got up behind it; I never could have worse spared him.

BUT we must *feel*, not argue in these embarrassments—the sons and daughters of service part with liberty, but not with nature, in their contracts; they are flesh and blood, and have their little vanities and wishes in the midst of the house of bondage, as well as their task masters—no doubt, they have set their self-denials at a price—and their expectations are so unreasonable, that I would often disappoint them, but that their condition puts it so much in my power to do it.

*Behold!—Behold, I am thy servant—dis-*  
arms

arms me at once of the powers of a master—

—THOU shalt go, La Fleur ! said I.

—AND what mistress, La Fleur, said I, canst thou have picked up in so little a time at Paris? La Fleur laid his hand upon his breast, and said 'twas a *petite demoiselle* at Monsieur le Count de B\*\*\*\*'s.

—La Fleur had a heart made for society; and, to speak the truth of him, let as few occasions slip him as his master—so that some how or other; but how—heaven knows—he had connected himself with the *demoiselle* upon the landing of the stair case during the time I was taken up with my passport; and as there was time enough for me to win the Count to my interest, La Fleur had contrived to make it do to win the maid to his—The family, it seems, was to be at Paris that day, and he had made a party with her, and two or three

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more of the Count's household, upon  
*boulevards.*

HAPPY people! that once a week  
least are fure to lay down all your cares  
together, and dance and sing, and spend  
away the weights of grievance, which  
bow down the spirit of other nations to  
the earth.

THE

## E F R A G M E N T.

## P A R I S.

Fleur had left me something to amuse myself with for the day more had bargained for, or could have either into his head or mine.

had brought the little print of button a currant leaf; and as the morning was warm, he had begged a sheet of paper to put betwixt the currant and his hand.—As that was plate-ant, I bade him lay it upon the table it was, and as I resolved to stay all day, I ordered him to call upon *viteur* to bespeak my dinner, and me to breakfast by myself.

EN I had finished the butter, I

G 2

threw



threw the currant leaf out of the window, and was going to do the same by the waste paper——but stopping to read a line first, and that drawing me on to a second and third——I thought it better worth; so I shut the window, and drawing a chair up to it, I sat down to read it.

It was the old French of Rabelais's time, and for ought I know might have been wrote by him—it was moreover in a Gothic letter, and that so faded and gone off by damps and length of time, it cost me infinite trouble to make any thing of it—I threw it down; and then wrote a letter to Eugenius—then I took it up again, and embroiled my patience with it afresh——and then to cure that, I wrote a letter to Eliza——Still it kept hold of me; and the difficulty of understanding it increased but the desire.

I GOT my dinner; and after I had enlightened

ghtened my mind with a bottle of Bur-  
 indy, I at it again—and after two or  
 ree hours poring upon it, with almost  
 deep attention as ever Gruter or Jacob  
 on did upon a nonsensical inscription,  
 hought I made sense of it; but to make  
 re of it, the best way, I imagined, was  
 turn it into English, and see how it  
 ould look then—so I went on leisurely,  
 a trifling man does, sometimes writing  
 sentence—then taking a turn or two  
 —and then looking how the world went,  
 ut of the window; so that it was nine  
 'clock at night before I had done it—I  
 hen begun and read it as follows :

## THE FRAGMENT

## P A R I S.

—Now as the notary's wife disputed the point with the notary with too much heat—I wish, said the notary (throwing down the parchment) that there was another notary here only to set down and attest all this —

—AND what would you do then, Monsieur, said she, rising hastily up—the notary's wife was a little fume of a woman, and the notary thought it well to avoid a hurricane by a mild reply—I would go, answered he, to bed—You may go to the devil, answered the notary's wife.

Now there happening to be but one  
bed

the house, the other rooms being  
 ished, as is the custom at Paris, and  
 ary not caring to lie in the same  
 th a woman who had but that mo-  
 ent him pell-mell to the devil, went  
 with his hat, and cane, and short  
 the night being very windy, and  
 out ill at ease towards the *Pont*

all the bridges which ever were  
 he whole world who have passed  
 e *Pont Neuf*, must own, that it is  
 blest—the finest—the grandest—  
 htest—the longest—the broadest  
 er conjoined land and land toge-  
 on the face of the terraqueous

---

*is, it seems, as if the author of the  
 gment had not been a Frenchman.*

the worst fault which divines and the

doctors of the Sorbonne can alledge against it, is, that if there is but a cap full of wind in or about Paris, 'tis more blasphemously *sacre Dieu'd* there than in any other aperture of the whole city—and with reason, good and cogent Messieurs; for it comes against you without crying *garde d'eau*; and with such unpremeditable puffs, that of the few who cross it with their hats on, not one in fifty but hazard two livres and a half, which is its full worth.

THE poor notary, just as he was passing by the sentry, instinctively clapped his cane to the side of it; but in raising it up, the point of his cane catching hold of the loop of the centinel's hat, hoisted it over the spikes of the ballustrade clear into the Seine——

*'Tis an ill wind, said a boat-man who caught it, which blows nobody any good.*

THE

THE sentry being a Gascon, incontinently twirled up his whiskers, and levelled his harquebuis.

HARQUEBUSES in those days went off with matches: and an old woman's paper lantern at the end of the bridge happening to be blown out, she had borrowed the sentry's match to light it—it gave a moment's time for the Gascon's blood to run cool, and turn the accident better to his advantage—*Tis an ill wind*, said he, catching off the notary's castor, and legitimating the capture with the boatman's adage.

THE poor notary crossed the bridge, and passing along the rue de Dauphine into the fauxbourgs of St. Germain, lamented himself as he walked along in this manner:

LUCKLESS man that I am! said the  
notary.

notary, to be the sport of hurricanes :  
 my days—to be born to have the storm  
 of ill-language levelled against me, and  
 profession where-ever I go—to be forced  
 into marriage by the thunder of the church  
 to a tempest of a woman—to be driven  
 forth out of my house by domestic wars  
 and despoiled of my castles by pontifical  
 ones—to be here bare-headed, in a winter  
 night, at the mercy of the ebbs and flows  
 of accidents—where am I to lay my head  
 miserable man! what wind in the north  
 and thirty points of the whole compass  
 can blow unto thee, as it does to thee  
 of thy fellow-creatures, good!

As the notary was passing on by a dead  
 passage, complaining in this sort, a voice  
 called out to a girl, to bid her run for  
 next notary—now the notary being  
 next, and availing himself of his situation  
 walked up the passage to the door, and  
 passing through an old fort of a false

is ushered into a large chamber, dismand of every thing but a long military ce—a breast-plate—a rusty old sword, d bandoleer, hung up equi-distant in ar different places against the wall.

AN old personage, who had heretofore en a gentleman, and, unless decay of tune taints the blood along with it, s a gentleman at that time, lay support- g his head upon his hand in his bed; ittle table, with a taper burning, was close beside it; and close by the table s placed a chair—the notary sat him wn in it; and pulling out his inkhorn d a sheet or two of paper which he had his pocket, he placed them before him, d dipping his pen in his ink, and lean- g his breast over the table, he disposed ery thing to make the gentleman's last ll and testament.

ALAS! Monsieur le Notaire, said the gentleman,



gentleman, raising himself up a little, I have nothing to bequeath which will pay the expences of bequeathing, except the history of myself, which I could not leave in peace unless I left it as a legacy to the world; the profits arising out of it I bequeath to you for the pains of taking it from me—it is a story so uncommon, it must be read by all mankind—it will make the fortunes of your house—the notary dipped his pen into his inkhorn—Almighty director of every event in my life! said the old gentleman, looking up earnestly and raising his hand toward heaven—thou whose hand has led me on through such a labyrinth of strange passages down into this scene of desolation, assist the decaying memory of an old, infirm, and broken-hearted man—direct my tongue, by the spirit of thy eternal truth, that this stranger may set down naught but what is written in that Book, from whose records, said he, clasping his hands

hands together, I am to be condemned or acquitted!— the notary held up the point of his pen betwixt the taper and his eye—

—It is a story, Monsieur le Notaire, said the gentleman, which will rouse up every affection in nature—it will kill the humane, and touch the heart of Cruelty herself with pity—

—THE notary was inflamed with a desire to begin, and put his pen a third time into his ink-horn—and the old gentleman turning a little more towards the notary, began to dictate his story in these words—

—AND where is the rest of it, La Fleur? said I, as he just then entered the room.

THE FRAGMENT  
AND THE \*BOUQU  
P A R I S.

WHEN La Fleur came to the table, and was to comprehend what I wanted, he there were only two other sheets which he had wrapt round the *a bouquet* to keep it together, w had presented to the *demoiselle* u *boulevards*—Then, prithee, L said I, step back to her to the C B\*\*\*\*'s hotel, and *see if you can*. There is no doubt of it, said La and away he flew.

IN a very little time the poor came back quite out of breath, with marks of disappointment in h

\* Nosegay.

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could arise from the simple irreparability of the fragment—*juste ciel!* in less than two minutes that the poor fellow had taken his last tender farewel of her—his faithless mistress had given his *age d'amour* to one of the Count's footmen—the footman to a young sempstress—and the sempstress to a fidler, with my fragment at the end of it.—Our misfortunes were involved together—I gave a sigh—and La Fleur echoed it back again to my ear—

—How perfidious! cried La Fleur—  
How unlucky! said I.—

—I SHOULD not have been mortified, Monsieur, quoth La Fleur, if she had lost it—Nor I, La Fleur, said I, had I found it.

WHETHER I did or no, will be seen  
hereafter.

THE

## THE ACT OF CHARITY.

## P A R I S.

**T**HE man who either disdains or fears to walk up a dark entry, may be an excellent good man, and fit for a hundred things; but he will not do to make a good 'sentimental traveller.' I count little of the many things I see pass at broad noon day, in large and open streets.—Nature is shy, and hates to act before spectators; but in such an unobserved corner you sometimes see a single short scene of her's worth all the sentiments of a dozen French plays compounded together—and yet they are—*are absolutely fine*;—and whenever I have a more brilliant affair upon my hands than com-  
mon

non, as they suit a preacher just as well as a hero, I generally make my sermon out of 'em—and for the text—"Cappadocia, Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphilia"—is as good as any one in the Bible.

THERE is a long dark passage issuing out from the opera comique into a narrow street; 'tis trod by a few who humbly wait for a *fiacre* \*, or wish to get off quietly a'foot when the opera is done. At the end of it, towards the theatre, 'tis lighted by a small candle, the light of which is almost lost before you get half-way down; but near the door—'tis more for ornament than use: you see it as a fixed star of the least magnitude; it burns—but does little good to the world, that we know of.

IN returning along this passage, I discerned,

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H

cerned,

\* Hackney-coach.

cerned, as I approached within five or six paces of the door, two ladies standing arm and arm, with their backs against the wall, waiting, as I imagined, for a *façade* — as they were next the door, I thought they had a prior right; so edged myself up within a yard or little more of them, and quietly took my stand — I was in black, and scarce seen.

THE lady next me was a tall lean figure of a woman, of about thirty-six; the other of the same size and make, of about forty; there was no mark of wife or widow in any one part of either of them — they seemed to be two upright vestal sisters, unsapped by caresses, unbroke in upon by tender salutations: I could have wished to have made them happy — their happiness was destined that night to come from another quarter.

A LOW voice, with a good turn of expression,

cession, and sweet cadence at the end of it, begged for a twelve-sous piece be-  
 xist them, for the love of heaven. I  
 ought it singular, that a beggar should  
 x the quota of an alms—and that the  
 m should be twelve times as much  
 what is usually given in the dark.  
 hey both seemed astonished at it as  
 much as myself.—Twelve-sous! said one  
 —A twelve sous piece! said the other—  
 and made no reply.


THE poor man said, He knew nothow  
 ask less of ladies of their rank; and  
 wed down his head to the ground.

Poo! said they—we have no money.

THE beggar remained silent for a mo-  
 nt or two, and renewed his supplica-  
 n.

Do not, my fair young ladies, said he,





those joys which you can give  
without change!—I observed  
the sister put her hand into her pocket  
and said she, if I have a fourpenny  
give twelve, said the supplicant  
has been bountiful to you, but  
to a poor man.

I WOULD, friend, with all  
said the younger, if I had it.

My fair charitable! said he,  
himself to the elder—What is  
goodness and humanity when  
your bright eyes so sweet, that  
shine the morning even in this

nuch of you both as they just passed  
?

THE two ladies seemed much affected;  
impulsively at the same time they  
h put their hands into their pocket,  
each took out a twelve-sous piece.

THE contest betwixt them and the  
or suppliant was no more—it was  
stained betwixt themselves, which of  
two should give the twelve-sous piece  
charity—and to end the dispute, they  
th gave it together, and the man went  
ay.

## P A R I S.

**W**E get forwards in the world, so much by doing services, receiving them : you take a wither twig, and put it in the ground; and then you water it, because you have planted it.

MONSIEUR le Count de B\*\*\*, not only because he had done me one kindness in the affair of my passport, would give me another, the few days he was at Paris, in making me known to the people of rank; and they were to present me to others, and so on.

I HAD got master of my *secret* just time to turn these honours to some account; otherwise, as is common in such case, I should have dined or supped a couple of times round, and then by the

ting French looks and attitudes into plain English, I should presently have seen that I had got hold of the *couvert* \* of some more entertaining guest: and in course should have resigned all my places one after another, merely upon the principle that I could not keep them.—As it was, things did not go much amiss.

I HAD the honour of being introduced to the old Marquis de B\*\*\*\*: in days of yore he had signalized himself by some small feats of chivalry in the *cour d'amour*; and had dressed himself out of the idea of tilts and tournaments ever since—the Marquis de B\*\*\*\* wished to have it thought the affair was somewhere else than in his brain. “He could like to “take a trip to England,” and asked much of the English ladies. Stay where you are, I beseech you, Monsieur le Marquis, said.

\* Plate, napkin, knife, fork and spoon.

said I—Les Messrs Angloise can scarce get a kind look from them as it is.—  
The Marquis invited me to supper.

MONSIEUR P\*\*\*\* the farmer-general was just as inquisitive about our taxes.—They were very considerable, he heard.—If we knew but how to collect them, said I, making him a low bow.

I COULD never have been invited to Monsieur P\*\*\*\*'s concerts upon any other terms.

I HAD been misrepresented to Madame de Q\*\*\* as an *esprit*—Madame de Q\*\*\* was an *esprit* herself; she burnt with impatience to see me, and hear me talk. I had not taken my seat, before I saw she did not care a sou whether I had any wit or no—I was let in, to be convinced she had.—I call heaven to witness I never once opened the door of my lips.

MADAME.

MADAME de V\*\*\* vowed to every creature she met, "She had never had a more improving conversation with a man in her life."

THERE are three epochas in the empire of a French woman—She is coquette—then deist—then *devotee*: the empire during these is never lost—she only changes her subjects: when thirty-five years and more have unpeopled her dominions of the slaves of love, she repoples it with slaves of infidelity—and then with the slaves of the church.

MADAME de V\*\*\* was vibrating betwixt the first of these epochas: the colour of the rose was shading fast away—she ought to have been a deist five years before the time I had the honour to pay my first visit.

SHE placed me upon the same sofa  
with

with her, for the sake of disputing the point of religion more closely.—In short Madame de V\*\*\* told me she believed nothing.

I TOLD Madame de V\*\*\* it might alter her principle; but I am sure it could not be her interest to level the outward without which I could not conceive but such a citadel as hers could be defended—that there was not a more dangerous thing in the world, than for a beauty to be a deist—that it was a debt I owed my creed, not to conceal it from her—that I had not been five minutes sat up the sofa beside her, but I had begun to form designs—and what is it, but the sentiments of religion, and the persuasions they had existed in her breast, which could have checked them as they rose up?

WE are not adamant, said I, taking her

of her hand——and there is need of all restraints, till age in her own time steals in and lays them on us — but, my dear lady, said I, kissing her hand —— tis too,——too soon——

I DECLARE I had the credit all over Paris of unpervverting Madame de V\*\*\*. he affirmed to Monsieur D—— and Abbe M——, that in one half hour, I had did more for revealed religion, than all their Encyclopedia had said against it—— was lifted directly into Madame de \*\*\*'s *Coterie*——and she put off the epopea of deism for two years.

I REMEMBER it was in this *Coterie*, the middle of a discourse, in which I shewing the necessity of a *first cause*, at the young Count de Faineant took by the hand to the furthest corner of the room, to tell me my *solitaire* was pinched too strait about my neck——It should be  
*plus*



*plus badinant*, said the Count, looking down upon his own—but a word, Monsieur Yorick, to *the wife*—And from *the wife*, Monsieur le Count, replied I, making him a bow—*is enough*.

THE Count de Faineant embraced with more ardour than ever I was embraced by mortal man.

FOR three weeks together, I was every man's opinion I met. — *Pardi Monsieur Yorick a autant d'esprit que autres*—— *Il raisonne bien*, said another — *C'est un bon enfant*, said a third. And at this price I could have eaten drank, and been merry all the day my life at Paris; but 'twas a dishonest reckoning—— I grew ashamed of it: it was the gain of a slave——every sentiment of honour revolted against it—higher I got, the more was I forced

by *beggarly system*——the better  
*loterie*——the more children of Art  
 —I languished for those of Nature;  
 one night after a most vile prostitu-  
 tion of myself to half a dozen different  
 ones, I grew sick — went to bed —  
 hired La Fleur to get me horses in the  
 morning to set out for Italy.

M A R I A.

M A R I A.

M O U L I N E S.

**I** NEVER felt what the distrel  
 plenty was in any one shape till  
 —to travel it through the Bourbonnais  
 the sweetest part of France—in the  
 day of the vintage, when nature is p  
 ing her abundance into every one's  
 and every eye is lifted up—a jour  
 through each step of which Musick b  
 time to *Labour*, and all her children  
 rejoicing as they carry in their cluster  
 to pass through this with my affecti  
 flying out, and kindling at every gr  
 before me—and every one of 'em  
 pregnant with adventures.

Just heaven!—it would fill up tw  
 ty volumes—and alas! I have but a  
 small pages left of this to croud it into  
 half of these must be taken up with

poor Maria, my friend Mr. Shandy met with near Moulmes.

THE story he had told of that disordered maid affected me not a little in the reading; but when I got within the neighbourhood where she lived, it returned so strong into my mind, that I could not resist an impulse which prompted me to go half a league out of the road to the village where her parents dwelt, to inquire after her.

'Tis going, I own, like the knight of the Woful Countenance, in quest of melancholy adventures—but I know not how it is, but I am never so perfectly conscious of the existence of a soul within me, when I am entangled in them.

THE old mother came to the door, her looks told me the story before she opened her mouth—She had lost her husband;

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he

he had died, she said, of anguish, for the loss of Maria's senses about a month before. — She had feared at first, she added, that it would have plundered her poor girl of what little understanding was left — but, on the contrary, it had brought her more to herself — still could not rest — her poor daughter, she said, crying, was wandering somewhere about the road —

— WHY does my pulse beat languid as I write this? and what made La Fleur, whose heart seemed only to be tuned to joy, to pass the back of his hand twice across his eyes, as the woman stood and told it? I beckoned to the postilion to turn back into the road.

WHEN we had got within half a league of Moulines, at a little opening in the road leading to a thicket, I discovered poor Maria sitting under a poplar — she was sitting with her elbow in her lap, and her head

head leaning on one side within her hand  
—a small brook ran at the foot of the  
ree.

I told the postilion go on with the  
haise to Moulins—and La Fleur to be-  
reak my supper—and that I would walk  
ter him.

SHE was dressed in white, and much  
my friend described her, except that  
her hair hung loose, which before was  
lifted within a silk net.—She had super-  
added likewise to her jacket a pale green  
band, which fell across her shoulder  
the waist; at the end of which hung  
a pipe.—Her goat had been as faithless  
her lover; and she had got a little dog  
lieu of him, which she had kept tied  
a string to her girdle; as I looked at her  
, she drew him towards her with the  
leg.—“Thou shalt not leave me, Syl-  
a,” said she. I looked in Maria’s eyes,

and saw she was thinking more of her father than of her lover, or her little goat; for as she uttered them, the tear trickled down her cheeks.

I sat down close by her; and Maria let me wipe them away as they fell with my handkerchief.—I then steeped it in my own—and then in hers—and then in mine—and then I wiped hers again—and as I did it, I felt such undescribable emotions within me, as I am sure could not be accounted for from any combinations of matter and motion.

I AM positive I have a soul; nor can all the books with which materialists have pestered the world ever convince me of the contrary.

MARIA.

## M A R I A.

WHEN Maria had come a little to herself, I asked her if she remembered a pale thin person of a man who had sat down betwixt her and her goat about two years before? She said, she was unsettled much at that time, but remembered it upon two accounts—that, ill as she was, she saw the person pitied her; and next, that her goat had stolen his handkerchief, and she had beat him for the theft—she had washed it, she said, in the brook, and kept it ever since in her pocket, to restore it to him in case she should ever see him again, which, she added, he had half promised her. As she told me this, she took the handkerchief out of her pocket to let me see it; she had folded it up neatly in a couple of vine leaves, tied round with a tendril; — on



opening it, I saw an S marked in one of the corners.

SHE had since that, she told me, strayed as far as Rome, and walked round St. Peter's once—and returned back—that she found her way alone across the Apennines—had travelled over all Lombardy without money—and through the flinty roads of Savoy without shoes—how she had borne it, and how she had got supported, she could not tell—but *God tempers the wind*, said Maria, to the thorn lamb.

SHORN indeed! and to the quick, said I; and wast thou in my own land, where I have a cottage, I would take thee to it, and shelter thee; thou should eat of my own bread, and drink of my own cup—I would be kind to thy Sylvio—in all thy weaknesses and wanderings, I would seek after thee and bring thee back—when  
the

# JOURNEY. 135

sun went down, I would say my pray-  
; and when I had done, thou shouldst  
by the evening song upon thy pipe;  
or would the incense of my sacrifice be  
orfe accepted for entering heaven along  
with that of a broken heart.

NATURE melted within me, as I ut-  
tered this; and Maria observing, as I  
took out my handkerchief, that it was  
steeped too much already to be of use,  
would needs go wash it in the stream.—  
And where will you dry it, Maria? said I.  
I—I'll dry it in my bosom, said she—'twill  
do me good.

AND is your heart still so warm, Ma-  
ria? said I.

I TOUCHED upon the string on which  
hang all her sorrow—she looked with  
wistful disorder for some time in my face;  
and then, without saying any thing, took  
her.

her pipe, and played her service to the Virgin——The string I had touched ceased to vibrate —— in a moment or two Maria returned to herself,—let her pipe fall—and rose up.

AND where are you going, Maria? said I.——She said to Moulines.——Let us go, said I, together.——Maria put her arm within mine, and lengthening the string, to let the dog follow—in that order we entered Moulines.

M A R I A

M A R I A.

M O U L I N E S.

**T**H O' I hate salutations and greetings in the market places, yet when we got into the middle of this, I stopped to take my last look and last farewell of Maria.

MARIA, though not tall, was nevertheless of the first order of fine forms—affliction had touched her looks with something that was scarcely earthly—still she was feminine—and so much was there about her of all that the heart wishes, or the eye looks for in woman, that could the traces be ever worn out of her brain, and those of Eliza's out of mine, she should *not only eat of my bread*  
and:

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*and drink of my own cup, but Maria should lie in my bosom, and be unto me as a daughter.*

ADIEU, poor luckless maiden ! imbibe the oil and wine which the compassion of a stranger; as he journeyeth on his way, now pours into thy wounds—the Being who has twice bruised thee can only bind them up for ever.

THE

## THE BOURBONNOIS.

T H E R E was nothing from which I had painted out for myself so joyous a riot of the affections, as in this journey in the vintage, through this part of France; but pressing through this gate of sorrow to it, my sufferings have totally afflicted me: in every scene of festivity I saw Maria in the back ground of the piece, sitting pensive under her poplar; and I did not get almost to Lyons before I was able to cast a shade across her—

—DEAR SENSIBILITY! source in-  
hausted of all that's precious in our  
joys, or costly in our sorrows! thou chain-  
ed thy martyr down upon his bed of  
sorrow—and 'tis thou who lifts him up to  
HEAVEN—eternal fountain of our feel-  
ings!—'tis here I trace thee—and this is  
the divinity which stirs within me—not  
that

that in some sad and sickening moments,  
*"my soul shrinks back upon herself, and starts  
 at destruction"*—mere pomp of words!  
 —but that I feel some generous joys and  
 generous cares beyond myself—all comes  
 from thee, great—great SENSORIUM of  
 the world! which vibrates, if a hair of  
 our heads but falls upon the ground, in  
 the remotest desert of thy creation.—  
 Touched with thee, Eugenius draws my  
 curtain when I languish—hears my tale  
 of symptoms, and blames the weather for  
 the disorder of his nerves. Thou givest  
 a portion of it sometimes to the roughest  
 peasant who traverses the bleakest moun-  
 tains—he finds the lacerated lambs of an-  
 other's flock—This moment I behold  
 him leaning with his head against his  
 crook, with piteous inclination looking  
 down upon it—Oh! had I come one mo-  
 ment sooner!—It bleeds to death—his  
 gentle heart bleeds with it—

FACE to thee, generous swain!—I see  
 walkest off with anguish—but thy  
 shall balance it—for happy is thy cot-  
 — and happy is the sharer of it—and  
 py are the lambs which sport about  
 u!

## T H E S U P P E R.

A SHOE coming loose from the  
 fore-foot of the thill-horse, at the  
 beginning of the ascent of mount Taurira;  
 the postilion dismounted, twisted the shoe  
 off, and put it in his pocket; as the as-  
 cent was of five or six miles, and that  
 horse our main dependence, I made a  
 point of having the shoe fastened on a-  
 gain, as well as we could; but the posti-  
 lion had thrown away the nails, and the  
 hammer in the chaise-box being of no  
 great use without them, I submitted to  
 go on

H E



HE had not mounted half a mile higher, when coming to a flinty piece of road, the poor devil lost a second shoe, and from off his other fore-foot. I then got out of the chaise in good earnest; and, seeing a house about a quarter of a mile to the left hand, with a great deal to do, I prevailed upon the postilion to turn up to it. The look of the house, and of every thing about it, as we drew nearer, soon reconciled me to the disaster.—It was a little farm house surrounded with about twenty acres of vineyard, and about as much corn—and close to the house, on one side, was a *potagerie* of an acre and a half, full of every thing which could make plenty in a French peasant's house—and on the other side was a little wood which furnished wherewithal to dress it. It was about eight in the evening when I got to the house—so I left the postilion to manage his point as he could—and for mine, I walked directly into the house.

THE

THE family consisted of an old gray-headed man and his wife, with five or six sons and sons-in-law, and their several wives, and a joyous genealogy of 'em.

THEY were all sitting down together to their lentil-soup; a large wheaten loaf was in the middle of the table; and a flaggon of wine at each end of it promised joy through the stages of the repast—'twas a feast of love.

THE old man rose up to meet me, and with a respectful cordiality would have me sit down at the table; my heart was set down the moment I entered the room; so I sat down at once like a son of the family; and to invest myself in the character as speedily as I could, I instantly borrowed the old man's knife, and taking up the loaf, cut myself a hearty luncheon; and as I did it, I saw a testimony in every eye, not only of an honest welcome,

come, but of a welcome mixed with thanks that I had not seemed to doubt it.

Was it this; or tell me, Nature, what else it was which made this morsel so sweet——and to what magic I owe it, that the draught I took of their flaggon was so delicious with it, that they remain upon my palate to this hour?

If the supper was to my taste—the grace which followed it was much more so.

THE

## H E G R A C E.

**W**HEN supper was over, the old man gave a knock upon the wall with the haft of his knife, to bid them prepare for the dance: the moment the signal was given, the women and men all together into a back apartment to tie up their hair—and the young men to the door to wash their faces, and change their sabots; and in three minutes every soul was ready upon a little parade before the house to begin——The old man and his wife came out last, placing me betwixt them, sat down on a sofa of turf by the door.

THE old man had some fifty years ago been no mean performer upon the violoncello—at the age he was then of, touched it well enough for the purpose. His wife  
 D. L. II.                      K                      fung

sung now-and-then a little to the tune—then intermitted—and joined her old man again as their children and grandchildren danced before them.

It was not till the middle of the second dance, when, from some pauses in the movement, wherein they all seemed to look up, I fancied I could distinguish an elevation of spirit different from that which is the cause or the effect of simple jollity.—In a word, I thought I beheld *Religion* mixing in the dance—but as I had never seen her so engaged, I should have looked upon it now as one of the illusions of an imagination which is eternally misleading me, had not the old man, as soon as the dance ended, said that this was their constant way: and that all his life long he had made it a rule, after supper was over, to call out his family to dance and rejoice; believing, he said, that a chearful and contented mind

was

is the best sort of thanks to heaven  
at an illiterate peasant could pay—

—OR a learned prelate either, said I.

H E C A S E O F D E L I C A C Y.

**W**HEN you have gained the top  
of mount Taurira, you run pre-  
ntly down to Lyons—adieu then to all  
pid movements! 'Tis a journey of  
ution; and it fares better with senti-  
ents not to be in a hurry with them;  
I contracted with a Voiturin to take  
time with a couple of mules, and  
nvey me in my own chaise safe to Tu-  
through Savoy.

Poor, patient, quiet, honest people!  
r not; your poverty, the treasure of  
r simple virtues, will not be envied

you by the world, nor will your vallies be invaded by it. — Nature! in the midst of thy disorders, thou art still friendly to the scantiness thou hast created — with all thy great works about thee, little hast thou left to give, either to the scythe or to the sickle — but to that little thou grantest safety and protection; and sweet are the dwellings which stand so sheltered.

LET the way-worn traveller vent his complaints upon the sudden turns and dangers of your roads — your rocks — your precipices — the difficulties of getting up — the horrors of getting down — mountains impracticable — and cataracts, which roll down great stones from their summits, and block his road up. — The peasants had been all day at work in removing a fragment of this between St. Michael and Madame; and by the time my Voiturin got to the place,  
it

ated full two hours of completing; e a passage could any how be gain- here was nothing but to wait with ice——'twas a wet and tempestu- ight; so that by the delay, and that her, the Voiturin found himself o- l to take up five miles short of his. at a little decent kind of an inn by oad side.

ORTHWITH took possession of my chamber——got a good fire —— or- l supper; and was thanking heaven s no worfe —— when a voiture arri- with a lady in it and her servant-

; there was no other bed-chamber e house, the hostess, without much y, led them into mine, telling them e ushered them in, that there was dy in it but an English gentleman— that there were two good beds in it,



and a closet within the room which held another—the accent in which she spoke of this third bed did not say much for it — however, she said there were three beds, and but three people—and she durst say, the gentleman would do any thing to accommodate matters. — I left not the lady a moment to make a conjecture about it — so instantly made a declaration I would do any thing in my power.

As this did not amount to an absolute surrender of my bed-chamber, I still felt myself so much the proprietor, as to have a right to do the honours of it — so I desired the lady to sit down — pressed her into the warmest seat — called for more wood — desired the hostess to enlarge the plan of the supper, and to favour us with the very best wine..

THE lady had scarce warmed herself  
five

five minutes at the fire, before she began to turn her head back, and give a look at the beds; and the oftener she cast her eyes that way, the more they returned perplexed——I felt for her——and for myself: for in a few minutes, what by her looks, and the case itself, I found myself as much embarrassed as it was possible the lady could be herself.

THAT the beds we were to ly in were in one and the same room, was enough in itself to have excited all this——but the position of them, for they stood parallel, and so very close to each other as only to allow space for a small wicker chair betwixt them, rendered the affair still more oppressive to us——they were fixed up moreover near the fire, and the protection of the chimney on one side, and a large beam which crossed the room on the other, formed a kind of recess for them that was no way favourable

## THE FANTASTICAL

one of the theory of our sensations—  
Every thing could have suited us, it  
was, that the two facts were both of an  
in very small, as to cut off every idea  
of the lady and the man lying toge-  
ther, which in either of them, could it  
have been possible, my lying besides them,  
though a thing not to be wished, yet  
there was nothing in it so terrible which  
the imagination might not have passed  
over without comment.

As for the little room within, it offer-  
ed little or no consolation to us; 'twas a  
damp cold cloister, with a half-dismantled  
window-shutter, and with a window  
which had neither glass or oil-paper in it  
to keep out the tempest of the night. I  
did not endeavour to stifle my cough when  
the lady gave a peep into it; so it redu-  
ced the case in course to this alternative  
—— that the lady should sacrifice her  
health to her feelings, and take up with the  
the

the closet herself, and abandon the bed next mine to her maid — or that the girl should take the closet, &c. &c.

THE lady was a Piedmontese of about thirty, with a glow of health in her cheeks — The maid was Lyonoise of twenty, and as brisk and lively a French girl as ever moved. — There were difficulties every way — and the obstacle of the stone in the road, which brought us into the distress, great as it appeared whilst the peasants were removing it, was but a pebble to what lay in our way now — I have only to add, that it did not lessen the weight which hung upon our spirits, that we were both too delicate to communicate what we felt to each other upon the occasion.

WE sat down to supper; and had we not had more generous wine to it than a little inn in Savoy could have furnished,

our

our tongues had been tied up till necessarily herself had set them at liberty—but the lady having a few bottles of Burgundy in her voiture, sent down her Fille de Chambre for a couple of them; so that by the time supper was over, and we were left alone, we felt ourselves inspired with a strength of mind sufficient to talk at least without reserve upon our situation. We turned it every way, and debated and considered it in all lights in the course of two hours negotiation; at the end of which the articles were settled finally betwixt us, and stipulated for in form and manner of a treaty of peace—and I believe with as much religion and good faith on both sides, as in any treaty which has yet had the honour of being handed down to posterity.

THEY were as follow :

FIRST, As the right of the bed-chamber

ber is in Monsieur—and he thinking the bed next to the fire to be the warmest, he insists upon the concession on the lady's side of taking up with it.

GRANTED, on the part of Madame; with a proviso, That as the curtains of that bed are of a flimsy transparent cotton, and appear likewise too scanty to draw close, that the Fille de Chambre shall fasten up the opening, either by corking pins or needle and thread, in such manner as shall be deemed a sufficient barrier on the side of Monsieur.

2dly, IT is required on the part of Madame, that Monsieur shall ly the whole night through in his robe de chambre.

REJECTED: Inasmuch as Monsieur is not worth a robe de chambre; he having

ving nothing in his portmanteau but six shirts, and a black silk pair of breeches:

THE mentioning of the silk pair of breeches made an entire change of the article — for the breeches were accepted as an equivalent for the robe de chambre; and so it was stipulated and agreed upon, that I should lie in my black silk breeches all night.

3dly, It was insisted upon, and stipulated for by the lady, that after Monsieur was got to bed, and the candle and fire extinguished, that Monsieur should not speak one single word the whole night.

GRANTED: Provided Monsieur's saying his prayers might not be deemed an infraction of the treaty.

THERE was but one point forgot in this treaty, and that was the manner in which

which the lady and myself should be obliged to undress and get to bed—there was but one way of doing it, and that I leave to the reader to devise; protesting as I do it, that if it is not the most delicate in nature, 'tis the fault of his own imagination — against which this is not my first complaint.

Now when we were got to bed, whether it was the novelty of the situation, or what it was I know not; but so it was I could not shut my eyes. I tried this side and that, and turned and turned again, till a full hour after midnight; when nature and patience both wearing out—O my God! said I—

—You have broke the treaty, Monsieur, said the lady, who had no more slept than myself.—I begged a thousand pardons——but insisted it was no more than an ejaculation——she maintained it

was



was an entire infraction of the treaty—  
I maintained it was provided for in the  
clause of the third article.

THE lady would by no means give up  
her point, though she weakened her bar-  
rier by it; for in the warmth of the dis-  
pute, I could hear two or three corking  
pins fall out of the curtain to the ground.

UPON my word and honour, Ma-  
dame, said I — stretching out my arm  
out of bed by way of affelevation —

——(I WAS going to have added, that  
I would not have trespassed against the  
remotest idea of decorum for the world)——

——BUT the Fille de Chambre hear-  
ing there were words between us, and  
fearing that hostilities would ensue in  
course, had crept silently out of her clo-  
set, and it being totally dark, had stolen  
so

so close to our beds, that she had got herself into the narrow passage which separated them, and had advanced so far up as to be in a line betwixt her mistress and me —

So that when I stretch'd out my hand, I caught hold of the Fille de Chambre's —

F I N I S.

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